DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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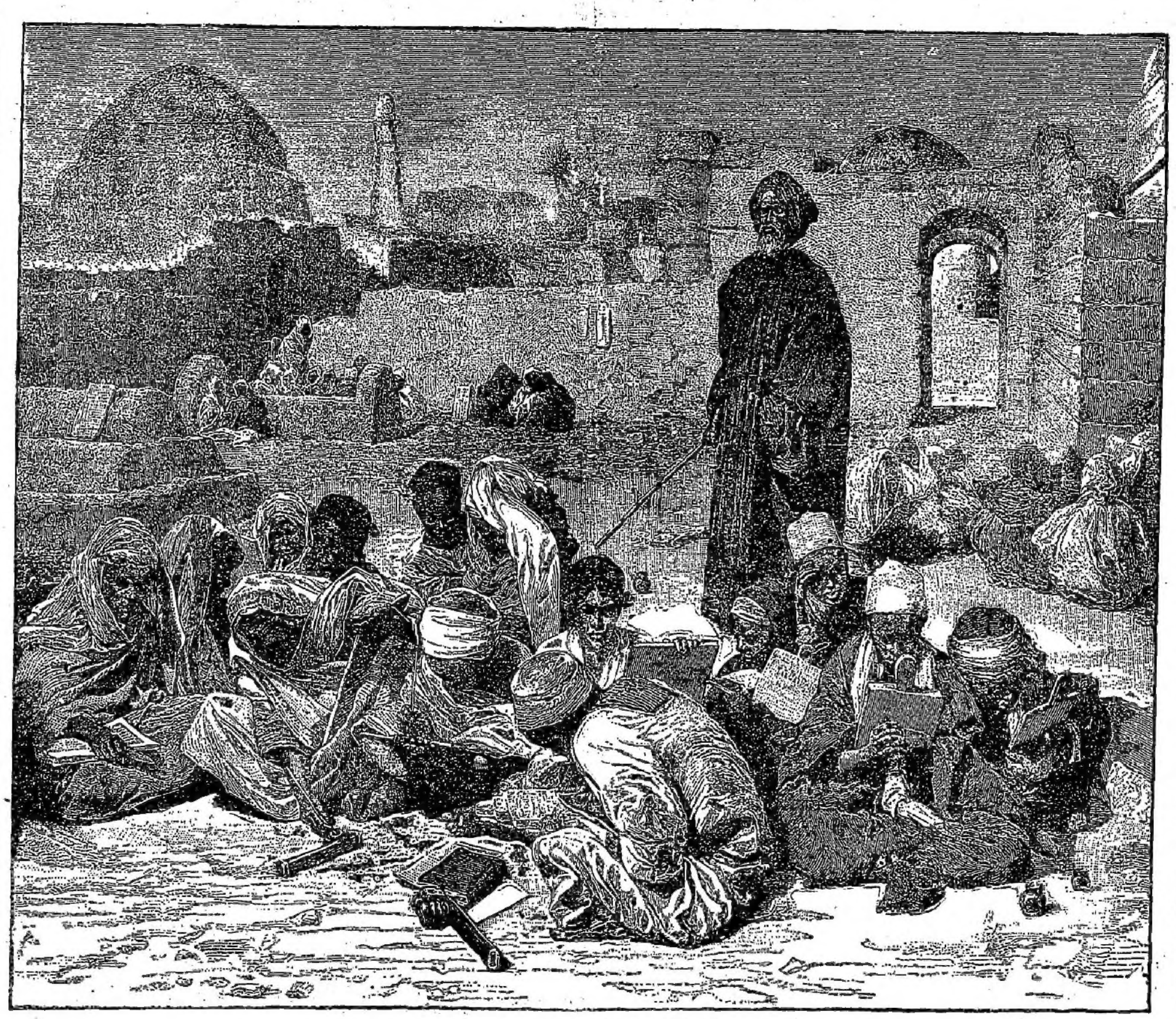
MOSLEM SCHOOLS.

Such "educational institutions" as that represented in the cut abound in Moslem cities and villages, especially in Egypt. There are over 5,000 of them in the Delta and along the banks of the Nile. They are found within the sacred precincts of the mosques, in vacated bazars, rooms in private houses, and in the open air. There is one attached to nearly every *sebeel*, or drinking-fountain.

The teachers of these *kuttabs*, or primary schools, among the Arabs are generally ignorant men, often blind, and thus disqualified for other work. Their remuneration consists in the piastre, worth about two and a half cents, which each child is expected to bring weekly, and the gift of a piece of cloth for a new turban, which is provided at Government expense at the time of Ramadan feast. The worthy pedagogue is, however, in the way of obtaining some perquisites. He is presumed to be familiar with the Koran, and is called upon to repeat its prescribed verses on occasions of funerals, weddings, and circumcisions, for which he exacts a fee according to the ability of the parties he is serving.

The children in these schools are seated on the ground or floor. The lessons are written on white boards which answer for slates and books. Holding these in their hands the pupils repeat the lessons over and over again in a loud murmuring tone, each independently of his neighbor, until he has memorized them. One passing such a school group might imagine himself in proximity to a hornet's nest.

The lessons consist almost entirely of extracts from the Koran. One such task is that of committing to memory the 99 names of God which are used in the sacred book. The first chapter of the Koran is the first connected portion to be mastered. *It is*



AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOL IN THE OPEN AIR.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Poyer 15 Apr 87

very short, and in its excellent teaching far better than many lessons assigned in our Christian schools. We give it entire:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

Having acquired the first chapter the pupil turns to the last, which reads:

"I fly for refuge unto the Lord of men, the King of men, the God of men, that he may deliver me from the mischief of the whisperer who slyly withdraweth (the devil), who whispereth evil suggestions into the breasts of men; from genii and men."

The remainder of the Koran is studied in the reverse order of the chapters, but this is as well as if it was read in its regular order, as the Koran contains no connected history or argument, but is a collection of the various sayings of the prophet.

The education thus acquired from one book would seem too limited for the common purposes of life. But it must be remembered that the Moslems make more use of the Koran than we do of the Bible. It is not only their book of religious precepts, but also of common law and custom. An appeal to it is the end of all controversy between neighbors and communities. A Mohammedan who is familiar with his Bible needs little more to qualify him for almost any station.

In some of these primary or common schools the art of writing and the rudiments of arithmetic are taught; but often these are added by private tutors, the weighers at the market or the more proficient clerks at the bazars. Low as popular education is among the Arabs, the fellaheen of Egypt rank higher than the masses of Russians or Portuguese, if we are to judge from the fact than in Egypt there is a larger percentage of the population in these common schools.

The Moslems have also higher schools and universities. The most famous one is El-Azhar, attached to the mosque of that name in Cairo. It was founded about 975 A.D., by El Azeez, a caliph of the Fatemite dynasty. Here are gathered from 10,000 to 12,000 students from all parts of the Mohammedan world. They enroll themselves under instructors of their own race or country or representing the sectarian creed of Islam to which they may be attached. The instruction covers such branches as grammar, algebra, arithmetic, logic, the Koran and its theology, the latter being taught in its most bigoted interpretation.

But in comparatively recent years a new direction and spirit have been given to educational movements among both the Arabs and Turks. When Mehemet Ali possessed Egypt he opened schools, largely on the European model, in which to train the bands of young men who should subsequently rule the country. Pupils were even paid for entering the departments of medicine, modern languages, engineering, and military science. These were directed by French teachers whom this marvellous man attracted to his service, and his schools supplied him with that army whose intelligence qualified it to conquer the far outnumbering hordes which were sent against him. The Khedives who have followed Mehemet in the control of Egypt have not always emulated the wisdom of their great founder in this respect; but to-day there are Egyptian schools which would compare favorably with some of our American colleges.

In 1873 the wife of the Khedive Ismail opened schools for girls. Though antagonized by the deep prejudice in all Moslem lands against the education of women, these enterprises have grown into popularity among the better classes. Many hundreds are gathered in them and are instructed in reading, arithmetic, writing, French, music, drawing, etc. Such culture must result in breaking up the exclusiveness of the harem life. This isolation of the sex is perhaps one of the most prolific sources of the degeneration of the Moslem peoples. It deprives society of the refining influence of woman, leaving men to segregate where mere cupidity or the coarser desires have play. But most disastrous is the harem system upon the children. Until of age to enter the schools the boy is associated only with the women; not only with his mother and sisters, but with the other wives and families of his father. The testimony of Christian women who have been admitted into the families of Mohammedans is unanimous as to the degradation of the home among them. With no culture to lift their thoughts above the jealousies of polygamous wifehood, its sensual scandals or drudgeries, the Moslem mothers cannot impart a pure or noble tone to the character of their children. Mrs. Blunt, the Consul's daughter, whose long residence in the east enables her to be an intelligent and competent witness says: "In those early years spent at home, when the child ought to have instilled into him some germ of those principles of conduct by which men must walk in the world if they are to hold up their heads among civilized nations, the Turkish child is only taught the first steps towards those vicious habits of mind and body which have made his race what it is. The root of the evil is partly found in the harem system. So long as that system keeps Turkish women in their present degraded state, so long will Turkish boys and girls be vicious and ignorant." The education of Moslem women is thus the sweetening branch thrown into the spring-head of the entire life of the people. "La Jeune Turquie" will have the God-speed of Christendom if it continues to press its demand for this generous and general culture of the people.

THE TEACHER'S WORK.

In order to teach in the Sabbath school we need to know what teaching is, what is and what is not to be taught, and what sort of persons those are who are to be taught. Many fail utterly for lack of such knowledge.

"Not all teaching is teaching," as Dr. Trumbull says in "Teaching and teachers," a treasure-house from whose rich stores we draw freely. The very word has a vague, if not wrong, meaning with many. "Telling" a thing is not teaching it, though teaching it involves telling it. No person is taught until he learns. Teaching always implies learning. The teaching process must awaken interest, stimulate inquiry, fix attention, and lead to mental effort, or it is unworthy of being called "teaching." "To sit as a passive bucket," says Carlyle, "and be pumped into, can, in the long run, be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending." A vast deal of what is called teaching is only talking—talking about something, rather than teaching something. Hearing a recitation is not teaching. The lesson must not be merely "heard," it must be "taught." The teacher may talk and the scholars listen, or the teacher may ask questions and the scholars "answer," and yet there be no teaching.

"Teaching," says Prof. Hart, "is causing another to know." This is the essence of true teaching. It involves the idea of knowledge imparted and obtained by a process. It "includes the idea of learning, not as a correlative term, but not as one of its constituent parts." It involves the threefold idea of a teacher, a lesson, and a learner. It involves the additional idea of activity on the part of both teacher and learner. It aims at and implies the actual transfer of the truth from the mind of the teacher to that of the learner; that transfer were impossible without a double and reciprocal activity. So, when the learning process ends, the teaching process ends. We are teaching only so long and so far as someone is learning.—*The Baptist Teacher*

IT HURT HIM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed, young business man—who sat beside him on a railway train. "But it has hurt me," answered the young man. "*How is that?*" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the human face divine. "Well, six months ago my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed; and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousands others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment." That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.—*Record.*

KEEP THE BIBLE in view. Don't smother it to death by the infinity of help-hinderances.

IT IS NO ADVANTAGE to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden, yours will get all overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullen stalks.—*Talmage.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

CHRIST'S WITNESS TO JOHN.—MATT. 11: 2-15.

COMMIT VERSES 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He was a burning and a shining light.—John 5: 35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ the cure of doubt and discouragement.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 11: 2-15.
T. Luke 7: 18-30.
W. John 1: 15-37.
Th. Mark 6: 12-30.
F. Matt. 14: 1-13.
Sa. Mal. 4: 1-6.
Su. John 14: 1-17.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—*Luke 7: 18-30.*

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In the March previous to this, John the Baptist was imprisoned by Herod in his castle of Machærus, in Perea, beyond Jordan, on account of the prophet's bold rebuke of the king's sin (Matt. 14: 1-5.) Here, alone, in a damp dungeon, unhelped, in need, he hears of Christ's wondrous works, but no kingdom begun as he expected; and he sends to Christ to know if indeed he is the promised Messiah.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. JOHN—the Baptist, in prison. Thirty-two years old. Had preached but two years. 3. HE THAT SHOULD COME—the promised Messiah. John was discouraged, like Moses (Num. 11: 10-15) and David (*Ps. 10: 1*), or Elijah (1 Kings 19: 10). 5. THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT, etc.—he gave no unusual evidence, but pointed out to him the blessed fruits of his ministry, which had been foretold by the prophets. It is what Christianity does, that is one great proof of its truth. Churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, kind deeds, benevolent gifts, missions, spring up in its footsteps as flowers at the coming of spring. 6. NOT BE OFFENDED IN ME—not stumble at my course, and the way I bring *the kingdom of heaven*. It was very different from what they had expected. 7. CONCERNING JOHN—lest they should misunderstand him, on account of this message. REED—Palestine reeds were tall, twelve feet high, but slender, and would bend flat to the ground in the wind. John was a rock, not a *reed*. 9. MORE THAN A PROPHET—he pointed out what they only foretold. He saw what they hoped for. 10. OF WHOM IT IS WRITTEN (Mal. 3: 1.) 11. THE LEAST IN THE KINGDOM IS GREATER THAN HE—greater in privileges, station, opportunities; shall see greater works. 12. KINGDOM OF HEAVEN SUFFERETH VIOLENCE—the kingdom was in the midst of sudden and violent changes; and crowds followed. It required great exertion and earnestness to enter.

QUESTIONS.

In what two Gospels is this lesson recorded? To what part of Christ's life do we now return?

SUBJECT: THE CURE OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND DOUBT.

I. THE DISCOURAGED PROPHET.—Where was John the Baptist at this time? (Mark 6: 17.) Why had he been put in prison? (Mark 6: 17-20.) What reasons can you give why John might be discouraged? Was his work a failure? Might physical weakness and the inactivity of prison life lead to discouragement? Might he wonder why Jesus, who was healing men and raising the dead, did not do something to relieve him, his cousin and forerunner? Is it natural that so bold a man as John should be discouraged? Give the example of Moses (Num. 11: 10-15); Elijah (1 Kings 19: 10); David (Ps. 10: 1).

Does our physical state affect our spiritual feelings? Does our real character vary with our feelings? How should we cure doubts and discouragements which have such a source? Is such doubt as John's a sin? Could John understand why Jesus did not help him? Can you? Can we know the reason why God lets us suffer? (Heb. 12: 5-11; John 13: 7.)

II. HE SEEKS RELIEF (vs. 2, 3).—Where did John send to get help? Why? By whom? What question did they ask? Who is meant by "*he that should come*"? *Is this* the place where we should go in our doubts? How can we go to him?

III. JESUS' REMEDY FOR DOUBT (vs. 4-6.)—What answer did Jesus send to John? How did these things prove that Jesus was the Messiah? (Luke 4: 18.) Were they any different from what John had heard? (Luke 7: 18.) How is the Gospel for the poor an especial proof of Jesus' Messiahship? What is the proof that Christianity is true? (Matt. 7: 16.) Should we expect new evidences to cure our doubts, or only to be pointed anew to the old? Meaning of "offended in me"? Why were they likely to be offended in him?

IV. REMOVING THE DOUBTS OF THE PEOPLE (vs. 7-15).—What wrong impression might John's message give the people? What things was John not like? How was he more than a prophet? Where had he been foretold? (Mal. 4: 5; Luke 1: 17, 76.) In what respects are the least in the kingdom of God greater than he? How does the removing wrong impressions keep us from doubting?

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY.—MATT. 11: 20-30.

COMMIT VERSES 27-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus, both by warnings and by promises, seeks to draw all men unto himself.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 11: 27-30.
T. Luke 10: 1-24.
W. Rom. 10: 1-13.
Th. Isa. 1: 1-20.
F. Isa. 55: 1-13.
Sa. Prov. 1: 20-33.
Su. Rev. 22: 1-17.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—This discourse appears only in Matthew, but thoughts nearly identical with vs. 20-27 are given in another connection in Luke 10: 13-16, 21, 22.

INTRODUCTION.—Hitherto Christ had only preached the kingdom, but most refused to believe. He now begins to reveal himself as a judge, and show the terrible danger of refusing salvation through him. He mingles warnings and invitations in his longings to save them.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

20. UPBRAID—to chide, to reproach with wrong-doing. 21. WOE UNTO THEE—not a wishing of woe, but a statement of a fact. CHORAZIN—a city about two miles north of Capernaum, now a ruin. BETHSAIDA (house of fish)—a fishing town on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee, at the mouth of the Upper Jordan. Here three Apostles belonged, Peter, Andrew and Philip. TYRE AND SIDON—two celebrated cities on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, heathen cities, and very wicked. SACKCLOTH—a coarse cloth of camel's or goat's hair, used for bags. It was worn as a symbol of sorrow, in a dress like a sack, with two holes for the arms. ASHES—they used to strew ashes on the head as a sign of mourning. 23. CAPERNAUM—then a flourishing city on the north-west coast of the Sea of Galilee; the chief city of Galilee then, now a ruin. EXALTED UNTO HEAVEN—in privileges; more of Christ's miracles were done here than in any other place. DOWN TO HELL—will be punished because they despised their privileges. SODOM—once the chief city of Palestine, just south of the Dead Sea. It was destroyed by fire and brimstone. (See Genesis, chapters 18, 19.) 25. HAST HID—because they would not receive them. THESE THINGS—this mystery of God's dealings, the Gospel truths. WISE—worldly wise, wise in their own eyes. BABES—childlike persons, willing to learn. The meaning is that religious truth is received not through the intellect, but through a teachable heart. 28. LABOR—weary with toil and striving. HEAVY LADEN—burdened with sin and sorrow. 29. YOKE—a sign of service. It is easy because it is a free, joyous service, natural, and proceeds from love. 30. MY BURDEN—refers to the duties he lays upon us, and they are light, because he gives abundant strength to do them; they are loving, the reward is abundant.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How is this lesson connected with the last? When and where was it spoken? In what region were most of Christ's mighty works done? What change do you notice in Christ's method of leading men to repent and believe?

SUBJECT: TWO METHODS OF BRINGING MEN TO CHRIST.

I. FIRST METHOD.—BY WARNINGS (vs. 20-24).—Meaning of "upbraid"? What was Christ's object in doing mighty works? (v. 20; John 11: 15.) How had men treated Christ's message? What did Jesus say to two of these *cities*? Where were they situated? What is it to repent in sackcloth and ashes? Was Christ's "Woe unto thee," a wish, a threat, or the statement of a fact? Why will woe come upon all who reject Christ? (Heb. 2: 3.) Does Jesus utter these warnings from anger or from love? Show how it is love that utters them. What did Jesus say to Capernaum? What is meant by "exalted unto heaven"? What has become of it now? What can you tell about Sodom? In what respects are you exalted unto heaven? Why will it be worse for you than for those who have not had advantage, if you are not saved?

If Tyre and Sidon would have repented, why was not the Gospel preached to them? (See v. 23.) Why would the judgment day be more tolerable for them than for the cities of Galilee? (Luke 12: 47, 48.) What does this teach us about judging others? What is the connection between vs. 25-27 and the previous ones?

For what did Jesus thank his Father? (v. 25.) *Does real wisdom keep us from understanding religious truth?* To whom is it revealed? Can all have this childlike spirit? How did Jesus show that he had authority to warn and to promise? (v. 27.) How may we know the Father?

II. SECOND METHOD.—BY PROMISES (vs. 28-30).—Whom did Jesus invite to come to him? Who are meant by those who labor? By the heavy laden? What do they need? What is this rest? (Rom. 5: 1; Eph. 1: 6, 7.) How does Christ give it? What must we do in order to receive it?

What three things are we to do after we have received the rest referred to in v. 28? (vs. 29, 30.) What does Christ mean by his yoke? Why is his service easier than the service of sin? What are we to learn of him? How may being a Christian be called "going to school to Christ"? What is meant by "his burden"? What makes it light? What was Christ's character? Why does that charter bring rest? How does it attract us to Him as our Teacher? Is there any difference between the rest we find in serving Christ and learning of Him, and the rest He gives?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(*Fourth Quarter, 1887.*)

1. Oct. 2.—The Centurion's Faith. Matt. 8: 5-13.
2. Oct. 9.—The Tempest Stilled. Matt 8: 18-27.
3. Oct. 16.—Power to Forgive Sins. Matt 9: 1-8.
4. Oct. 23.—Three Miracles. Matt. 9: 18-31.
5. Oct. 30.—The Harvest and the Laborers. Matt. 9: 35-38, and 10: 1-8.
6. Nov. 6.—Confessing Christ. Matt. 10: 32-42.
7. Nov. 13.—Christ's Witness to John. Matt. 11: 2-15.
8. Nov. 20.—Judgment and Mercy. Matt. 11: 20-30.
9. Nov. 27.—Jesus and the Sabbath. Matt. 12: 1-14.
10. Dec. 4.—Parable of the Sower. Matt. 13: 1-9.
11. Dec. 11.—Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13: 24-30.
12. Dec. 18.—Other Parables. Matt. 13: 31-33, [and 44-52.
13. Dec. 25.—Review and Christmas Lesson.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LITTLE FOLKS' AILMENTS.

Some weary mothers will appreciate the following hints by Clarissa Potter in *Good Housekeeping*:

"One of our little girls has been troubled with ear-ache since her babyhood. No sores have ever gathered, but a cold, or exposure to a strong wind is certain to cause her acute suffering with ear-ache. After trying nearly everything that I have seen recommended, I have settled on this application as giving surest and quickest relief. It is a flannel bag stuffed with hops and wrung from hot vinegar. I lay the bag over the child's ear, as hot as she can bear it, cover the whole side of the face with dry flannel, and change the hop-bag as often as it becomes cool. The warm steam filling the child's ear soon relieves the pain.

"Stuffing the ear with the 'heart of a roasted onion,' tricklings of molasses, wads of peppered cotton or lumps of mutton tallow, has never yet, in my experience, eased ear-ache, and such irritating messes crowded or poured into the delicate labyrinth of the ear do much mischief.

"Another child is the victim of leg-ache; inherited, possibly, for well do we remember what we suffered with its tortures in our childhood. Heat and moisture gave us relief, and following in our mother's footsteps, we have rented night after night from our warm quarters, in the dead of winter, to kindle fires and fill frosty kettles from water pails thickly crusted with ice, that we might get the writhing pedal extremities of our little heir into the tub of hot water as quickly as possible. But lately we have learned all this work and exposure is needless. We simply wring a towel from salted water—a bowl of it standing in our sleeping room ready for such an emergency—wrap the limb in it from the ankle to the knee, without taking the child from his bed, and then swathe with dry flannels, thick and warm, tucking the blankets about him a little close, and relief is sure.

"A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick pack of them to sweat the throat and chest often helps so speedily that it is not necessary to sicken the child with ipecac, or to wake the house kindling fires and preparing hot packs."

KATE'S CHOICE.

"No, I do not play."

"Nor paint?"

"Nor paint!"

There was a pause, and a young fellow standing near said: "My sister reads. She has read most of the best books, not mere trash. She can mend and make, bake and brew. As she had no decided talent for music or painting, she concluded to lose no time over them."

I overheard this dialogue at an afternoon tea; later on I had a chat with the brother and sister, and I think some of you may be interested in what I heard.

Kate, like many other girls, found her time more and more occupied as she neared seventeen. She took music lessons, and was expected to practise for at least an hour a day. Then "all the girls" took drawing, and she began. From early to late she studied, recited or practised. She heard of books which she longed to read, but there was no time. Her mother was not very strong, and needed efficient help in the house, but Kate had not a moment, for when not actually studying or practising, she was prostrate with headache and weariness.

I do not know just what brought Kate to the decision, but on her seventeenth birthday she asked her mother to allow her to give up certain studies for a year; if, at the end of that time, the event had not proved her choice a wise one, she would go back to the old way. The mother consented, and Kate immediately shut the piano, laid aside her drawing-book and retired from the geometry, rhetoric and philosophy classes, so getting time to study her lessons during school hours. The time before given to the piano was devoted to careful reading, under her brother's guidance; the hours formerly spent over the additional studies and drawing were devoted to housework. Instead of working out a geometrical problem, she "worked" the bread, or solved the equation; given cold veal, eggs, rice and ham, what may be the result? Her father's house had been little more than a shelter in the old days, but now that she devoted an afternoon to the boys' rooms and a Saturday morning to the parlor, each room had a beauty and interest of its own. You may be sure all this was not done without remonstrance from well-meaning friends. She would not graduate properly! What a pity to lose her music! But Kate reminded her mother that a married cousin had no time for music, and regretted the hours lost in practice; as for graduation, if mother and daughter were both healthier and happier, was not the sacrifice a cheap one?

Now, girls, won't you think seriously of Kate's way? What does most of the amateur music amount to? In these days of popular concerts we can hear really good music so cheaply, while you are paying too highly for an inferior article, while you devote an hour a day for four or five years to learning to play "pieces" with fear and trembling.

Insist on having time for wholesome, solid reading—histories, essays and travels; and if your mother is burdened, share her household cares. That is a better, if not a higher, education, and will fit you for life far more than the studies and accomplishments you relinquish.—*Hope Ledyard, in the Congregationalist.*

THE ART OF COOKING APPLES.

Much unpalatable stuff under the guise of apple sauce, baked apples, etc., says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*, is often found on the tables of otherwise excellent cooks. No fruit grows that is more wholesome and appetizing when properly prepared, or so generally misused as the apple. The following suggestions, if carried out, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious palate:

For apple sauce, wash and wipe the apples before paring, choosing such as incline to tartness. Pare with a silver-plated knife, if possible, or clean an ordinary paring knife as often as the chemical action of the acid in the fruit corrodes the steel. Negligence in this particular invariably injures the flavor of the fruit. For several reasons the parings should be thin. First, on the ground of economy; second, because the most nutritious part of the apple lies next the skin; and lastly, from an artistic point of view, thin parings making the slices more shapely in appearance. Carefully cut out all imperfections and slice in quarters, or thinner if desired, into an earthern or porcelain vessel. Avoid the use of tin, since that manufactured at the present day is so largely adulterated with lead as to effect the taste of the fruit as well as injure the health. Pour boiling water over the apples, cover tightly and boil slowly. By adhering strictly to these two suggestions the fine aroma of the apple is preserved, and long, slow boiling induces a delicate reddish tint in place of the pale ashen hue so frequently noticeable. The slices can easily be kept whole by sweetening as soon as the fruit is ready for cooking, provided the apples are not too tart, otherwise sweeten fifteen minutes before removing from the stove.

By following these directions it is not necessary that the apples be of extra quality to insure delicious apple sauce, though it goes without saying that the more perfect and highly flavored the fruit, the more satisfactory the result. For the benefit of the readers of *Good Housekeeping* a few recipes, not usually found in cook books, are added.

Apple Snow.—Prepare eight medium-sized, tart apples in every particular as for apple sauce. After the sauce is quite cold—the colder the better—break the whites of two eggs in an earthen dish, turn the sauce over the whites, and whip the whole with a silver fork for thirty minutes. The whiteness of the snow depends on the care with which every blemish is removed when preparing the sauce. Nice and delicate for invalids, and a delicious dish for tea or dessert.

Apple Meringue.—Prepare, as for apple sauce, six or eight tart, juicy apples. Season and sweeten to taste. Line a good-sized plate with biscuit dough, thinly rolled out, and bake, then cover the crust with the apple. Now whip the whites of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar till it stands alone; spread the eggs smoothly over the top, return to the oven long enough to brown nicely.

For baking apples, choose those inclining to sweetness. Pare or not, as suits taste, but always core. Fill the opening with sugar, dust over a pinch of cinnamon, and place in an earthen pudding dish, with a little water. Bake till thoroughly done, and a light brown.

A PILLOW SHAM ROLLER.

A very pretty and useful ornament upon which to hang pillow shams when they are removed from the bed at night is a piece of broom handle, which should be cut a trifle longer than the pillow shams are wide. Then cover the roller with pink or blue silesia, overhand the edges together, and gather up each end with a drawing string, thus fitting the cover tightly around the wood. Over this is a covering of fine white dotted Swiss muslin put on in the same way. Four yards of narrow blue satin ribbon and four of pink will be required for trimming. Make two full bows, using both colors in each bow, and with them trim each end. Then with the remaining satin ribbon make a loop by twisting the two colors together, and fasten the ends beneath each bow. By the loop suspend the roller in a convenient place, and on it the pillow shams can be hung when not in use. They can be covered with plush or velvet, if handsomer material is desired—cardinal plush with crushed strawberry ribbons, or light blue plush with pale pink, blue and olive ribbons. Pillow shams are very pretty made with a full embroidered ruffle, and in the middle of each one a design of flowers. On one the German words "Guten Morgen," on the other "Gute Nacht." For good-morning a design of morning glories is twined through the letters, and on the other poppies are used. They may be embroidered with colored silks or cotton, or fine white embroidery cotton, and should be worked only in outline. If colors are used, blue morning glories are pretty with their green leaves, and scarlet poppies also with green foliage, and the letters are prettier if worked with brown than any other color.—*Good Cheer.*

A SHORT CHAT ABOUT OATMEAL.

No one can live long in a Scotch community without noticing the healthful look of the children, whose food consists largely of oatmeal, compared with those fed on fine grains, or even groats, which are the same, only without the husks. The chaff or husk, however, which is left in the meal, contains some points that act as a stimulant on the coats of the bowels to keep them active without medicine, and render this food of benefit to the dyspeptic. There is no method of cooking oatmeal equal to the making of porridge, and when properly prepared, it is generally a favorite dish for breakfast.

"What makes your oatmeal porridge so good?" is a frequent question in our house from strangers, and they think the meal must be a superior quality.

But to prepare it properly the water must be boiling, necessary salt added, and the oatmeal then stirred in slowly by sifting it through the fingers. The process must be hurried if lumps would be avoided. When it begins to boil up well, stop stirring and close the pot up tightly. Set at the back of the stove while you cook the rest of the breakfast. Lift the porridge without any more stirring, as it is this that breaks the grain and makes it waxy. The Scotch do not stir with a spoon, but with a smooth flattened stick called a "spurtle" that one can make according to their own idea. This gives more evenness to the mixing, and if cooked in this way the porridge will be sweet, whole-grained and wholesome. —*Annie L. Jack, in Good Housekeeping.*

RECEIPTS.

If you Drop Soot on the carpet, cover thickly with salt, and it may be swept up without blacking the carpet.

To Broil Tomatoes, take solid "beef-steak" tomatoes, cut in rather thick slices, broil them until brown, season with pepper, salt and butter; serve plain or on toast.

Baked Herrings.—Dip herrings, well cleaned and dried, in flour, wrap them in greased paper and place them in a pan. Bake gently brown. Serve them up on toast, and have browned potatoes and steamed parsnips with them.

Stewed Beef.—Roast a piece half; make gravy in pan without the fat. Flavor with pepper, salt, cloves and allspice; put in beef to stew gently, and add a can of mushrooms, also two spoonfuls of catsup. Steam rice, with it and parsnips.

Cement.—For a stove that has a crack in it, buy silicate of potash or soluble glass; mix it with ashes, and apply to the crack. This cement will stick to red-hot iron and bricks without crumbling off, but will not bear moisture. Soluble glass sells at the drug stores for $1 a gallon. If holes are to be stopped in hard-finished walls, mix the silicate and whiting; if in holes in grates mix with fire-clay.

How to Cook Egg Plant.—Pare and cut the egg plant in thin slices; let it stand for two or three hours in cold water, well salted, which removes a strong flavor and makes it more delicate; when thoroughly drained dip each slice into egg and cream, well beaten (two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of cream), then in cracker crumbs. Have ready a large kettle of boiling lard, frying a few slices at a time; they need room, if you would have them delicate and crisp. Stewed tomatoes are very nice with egg plant.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take six large, well-shaped tomatoes; cut a slice off the stem end and take out all the pulp and juice, being careful not to break the tomatoes; then sprinkle them inside with a little salt and pepper; have a pound of cold cooked veal, beef or chicken, a slice of boiled ham or fried bacon, chop very fine, and add the pulp and juice of the tomatoes; chop fine and fry to a light-brown half an onion, and mix with the meat a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, two eggs, a teaspoonful of white pepper, and a pinch of cayenne; fill the tomatoes with the force-meat, piling it quite high, and bake for an hour.

Canning Green Corn.—1. Boil the corn on the ears for a few minutes; then cut the corn off the ear while as hot as you can; put the corn at once into the cans; have the can almost full—say within three-fourths of an inch of the top; then fill the can up with boiling water, and have the can soldered, and put it into a kettle of boiling water and let it boil in the water for six hours. 2. To every six quarts of corn, take one ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in boiling water. Cut the corn from the cob, and put in a sufficient quantity of water to cook. When the corn is cooking put the acid in. When done, seal air-tight in tin-cans or glass-jars. To prepare for the table, pour off the sour water, and save it; put in enough fresh water to cook it; for every quart of corn add one small teaspoonful of soda; let it stand a few minutes before cooking; while cooking put in a teaspoonful of sugar. If the corn turns yellow there is too much soda; pour back some of the sour water until it turns white again. When nearly done, season with salt, cream and butter same as fresh corn. 3. Dissolve one and a quarter ounces of tartaric acid in one half pint of water; cut the corn from the cob, and cook it properly; when cooked, add two tablespoonfuls of the acid solution to every quart of corn; can and seal securely, and set it in a cool, dry place. When wanted for use, stir half a teaspoonful of soda into two quarts of corn, and let it stand three hours before cooking. This removes all acid from the corn.—*Country Gentleman.*

PUZZLES.

OMITTED RHYMES.

I'll sing you the round of the * * * * *,
It's pleasant and soothing refrain
Shall hush you to sleep, little daughter;
Then listen. The swift-falling * * * *.

Once passed a gay life in the * * * * * * * * *,
But now, sweet refreshing it brings
To islands and many a proud land,
And filleth the cups of the * * * * * * *.

Then playful it runs in the * * * * * * * * *,
And many a streamlet and * * * * *,
Where boys, with bent pins used as hooklets,
Catch fish, or for cresses do seek.

At last, by the way of the * * * * *,
It reaches the boundless, blue * * *,
Thence the sunbeams shall raise and deliver
Once more to its sky-life, so free.

Oh! list to the round of the * * * * *,
The sound of the swift-falling * * * *,
Let it hush you to sleep, little daughter,
I'll sing it again and again.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Courageous. 2. Base. 3. To accommodate. 4. A poisonous reptile. 5. Excessive.

CHARADE.

First.

In searching Webster do not halt
Until you find a kind of salt.

Second.

In searching Webster at your leisure,
Find for *two* a printer's measure.

Whole.

In searching through God's Holy Book,
Upon an ancient city look.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Double Anagram.—
1st stanza—tale, Laundon.
2nd stanza—ago, remem(ber.)
3rd stanza—long, longer.
4th stanza—three, king.
5th stanza—three flight (afternoon, night).
6th stanza—died, Threekingham.

Beheadings.—1, G-roan. 2, V-ice. 3, F-rock 4, G-room.

Greek Cross.—

F I R E
I R O N
R O A D
S O L E N D S P A N
O P E N E A P Y R E
L E A D A T A R M S
E N D S P A N E S T
P O R E
A R E A
N E A T

The Family Circle.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The following pen picture has been pronounced by the *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.]

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in the hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air of greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old
Withdrawn in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew twice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where rest the jay in the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
All now was sunless and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
A lone pheasant drumming in the vale
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a fate, and watched the dying thread.

She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume;
Re-gave the sword to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the dropping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—*Spurgeon.*

LOTTIE'S NEW MEMBER.

BY MARY SWEET POTTER.

Lottie Western walked slowly along the village street in the direction of the church one Sunday evening with a very sober look upon her fresh young face. She was going to attend the Young People's Meeting, and it had just occurred to her that it would be unpleasant to meet her pastor, she having failed in performing an especial duty which he had urged upon her at the last meeting. She, together with several others, had each promised to bring in a new member to add his or her name to the list of membership, which was not long, as the society had but lately been organized. But Lottie, being a merry, thoughtless girl, had forgotten until the very last moment all about the matter and found herself on the way to the meeting minus her new member.

Suddenly a sharp whistle cleft the soft, still evening air causing Lottie to cover her ears and glance indignantly around for the source of the discordant sound which so irreverently broke the Sabbath stillness. A satisfied chuckle issued from behind a tree near her and a boy with a rowdyish air and an impish smile sprang into view.

Instead of the scolding he expected, Jamie Glen was astonished to see a look of satisfaction spread over Lottie's face and to hear her say in the sweetest of tones, just as if he had not been "the worst boy in the village,"

"O Jamie Glen! I'm so glad you happened here just now of all times. I want to talk to you."

It was a special providential arrangement, Lottie believed. Looking at her tiny watch, she saw that it yet lacked twenty minutes of the time for the meeting to begin, and then she opened the fire of her earnest eyes and her voluble, persuasive tongue full upon Jamie Glen, who looked and listened but gave no sign of surrendering.

"But, Jamie, tell me why," begged Lottie, growing nervous.

"I can't, Miss Lottie," replied Jamie, suddenly straightening up and struggling with his obstinate forelock, trying to induce it to stay under his worn cap, as he flushed with pride at being seen in conversation with pretty Lottie Western, whose father was the richest man in D——, by a group of his playmates who were passing by on the opposite side of the road. It was indeed a distinction which Lottie rarely bestowed upon any but her intimate friends. But Lottie had an object in view now, and she had, moreover, a hitherto unconfessed liking for the mischievous dark-eyed boy who was always so audaciously friendly and fearless in his behavior towards her, albeit her station in life was so far above his, who was only Farmer Gray's bound boy.

"Only for one thing, Miss Lottie, I'd go," said Jamie at last, with his face as red as the ribbon on Lottie's hair.

"Only one! Come on, Jamie; I can talk that one little objection away between this and the church. I am sure it isn't worth minding. Tell me what it is quick."

"O Miss Lottie, indeed I can't do it," persisted Jamie. "If it was a month before this time, now, I might have said yes; but now it's too late. I'd just made up my mind to let everything go to the bad, and me with them."

"O Jamie Glen!" cried Lottie in a shocked tone, "you must come with me this minute. There! that's the first bell; come right along. You can tell me some other time."

"But, Miss Lottie, I haven't any right to go in there; I tell you, 't wont do," said the boy, moving slightly in response to Lottie's impelling clasp of his arm and looking seriously in earnest and much pained. But Lottie, too, looked in earnest, and she did not loosen her hold upon him in the least. She seemed to have the impression that his salvation depended upon her own firmness in insisting upon his becoming a member of her beloved society.

"Oh," she thought, "if I had only thought of it during the week! But maybe 't isn't too late yet." And so she gently, but in a manner that admitted no doubt of her own belief in her ultimate success, forced him onward.

"Miss Lottie," he half whispered in her ear, while the deep bell strokes filled the air all around them, "I've stole something. There! now do you think I'm fit to go into that—that place with you and all the rest of them clean ones?"

He stood before her with the flush gone from his face and a desperate look in his large eyes. He seemed to think that now she must see how impossible it was for him to do anything like that which she wished him to do. But he was mistaken.

"Of course, that was very wicked; but it don't make any difference, only that I want you all the more," replied Lottie calmly. At least she was outwardly calm, but inwardly she was much excited. Her desire to please her pastor by bringing another member into their little society had grown into a fervent desire to save Jamie Glen from going the downward road to ruin, and she felt that if she could win him to join and attend the meetings he might be saved. Lottie had great faith in the power of the work done at the dear little meetings held in the cosey chapel room.

After the dreadful truth was out Jamie made no further resistance, seeing that the avowal did not turn Lottie from him in disgust. They walked on the short remaining distance in utter silence and entered the church together. Lottie would not allow her charge to stop at the back seat where certain mischievous boys were in the habit of congregating, but led him on to the seat which had come to be regarded as her especial property, and here she seated him triumphantly and herself beside him.

Jamie fully appreciated the honor of his position, so fully, indeed, that he felt very uncomfortable, knowing intuitively that every eye was upon him. To add to his discomfiture, it all at once occurred to him that he had been ranging the fields and woods all day in his every-day clothes and that he still had them on. Mentally he vowed never to be careless about his appearance on Sunday again.

He was heartily ashamed of himself as he appeared in contrast to the others under the brilliant light of the glittering lamps, and a pride and self-respect which had been sleeping were awakened never to sleep again.

The earnest pastor arose after the opening services and addressed the young people briefly. His face beamed with pleasure at perceiving several new faces among them, and Jamie felt that each word was directed at him. He looked and listened with interest as the meeting progressed and almost wished that he was prepared to take part. Still his mind was troubled and doubtful. The verses chosen related to forgiveness and the forsaking of sins mainly, and the boys and girls all seemed to enjoy doing their part so much.

By-and-by, however, some one struck a chord that found a responsive echo in the boy's breast. He looked half indignantly towards his companion, who sat innocently before his gaze, only giving him a triumphant smile as the words of the reciter fell on her ear:

"Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

The first seven words of that verse, did they mean him? Jamie blushed and turned towards Lottie. Had she told his disgraceful secret to the others? But then he realized the folly of that supposition and turned his attention to the recitations again.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you," came in clear, sweet tones from another bright-faced young girl, and Jamie heard and appropriated greedily the concluding words of that verse, even as he had the beginning of the other, "Even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Surely it was plain that even the sin which he had felt must condemn him might be forgiven, was indeed forgiven, "for Christ's sake." At least it seemed so to him then, and oh, such a strange, sweet feeling of being newly adopted and forgiven came over him! And in after years he looked back upon that summer evening as the true date of his conversion, though it was not till some time later that he publicly united with the church.

Lottie did not resign her hold upon her new member, even when the meeting was dismissed. She kept near him till they had gained the street and then walked away beside him, hastening and allowing him to see that she expected him to keep up with her so that they might be alone.

"Now tell me about it if you would like to," said she, knowing he would understand her.

"Well, it was just like this. Jake Bent and Joe Lanton came along one night about three weeks ago, and it was a moonlight night, and I stumped 'em to go over to old Gray's barn and get eggs to have a spree in the woods with next day, and—well, we went, that's all. I'm sorry I told on the boys though; I didn't think," he added ruefully.

"Never mind; they shall never know."

"And must I go to old Gray and tell him? He'd have it all over the village, and no one would ever trust me again."

"I'd call him Mr. Gray if I were you," suggested Lottie gravely, waiving the question till they had gone on some distance farther. Then she said, with an air of superior wisdom very unlike the merry, thoughtless girl most of her acquaintances judged her to be,

"I think you need not confess to Mr. Gray now. If you are really sorry and mean never to do such a thing again, tell God so; and by-and-by, when you get to be a nice, steady boy whom every one trusts, you can tell him and pay him for the eggs. He wouldn't understand, I am sure, and he would doubtless say something to injure you and prevent your getting on, if you told him now."

Silence reigned for a little time, then Jamie gave utterance to another thought that troubled him,

"What if they won't vote me in, Miss Lottie? They said the new names would be voted upon by the committee, and I'm afraid they won't have me."

"Never fear," replied Lottie reassuringly. "I'm one of the committee myself; and I'd like to see them throw out a name I had handed in anyway," she added, with a little characteristic toss of her head, meant to settle the matter, which it did, and scattered Jamie's doubts as well, so that when he had said "Good night" to Lottie, he went on his way whistling softly and feeling very secure in the possession of his newly-declared friend and champion, who had been the means of filling his mind with thoughts which had never had birth there before and which were very pleasant to him indeed.

Jamie Glen had hitherto been a wild boy, in strong disfavor with most people who knew him, but he gradually came to be regarded differently. Lottie seemed literally to have taken the boy in charge, and her evident liking for and confidence in him went far towards establishing him in the good graces of those who had formerly considered his case hopeless. For certainly Lawyer Western's imperious daughter could be trusted to choose her associates, and none need fear to come in contact with any choice of hers. Oh, if those seated on the high places would only use their power to assist others to rise up beside them instead of crushing them lower still, as is too often the case!

The time came when Jamie Glen held an honored position in the church he had entered so unwillingly that summer evening, and also in the society of the town, whose people had considered him anything but a desirable acquisition when Mr. Gray had first brought him home from the deathbed of his aunt (who was his last relative) to live with him and work for his board and clothes during his minority. All had seemed against him, and he fully appreciated the real kindness and nobleness of heart which had prompted Lottie's untiring championship.

As for Lottie herself, she knew as she grew older that she, too, had reaped great benefit from her experience with her new member, and never regretted having taken him in hand.—*Weekly Illustrated Christian.*

An Hour's serious consideration of so homely a subject as the uses of money, with last year's expense-book beside her, and pencil and note-book in hand would, perhaps, suggest to almost every house-mother some portion of her economy in which she might wisely turn over a new leaf. If she has not a well-kept account-book to refer to, that is the first leaf to turn. Comfort and elegance in dress, table-service, furniture, equipages—all the surroundings of our lives—these are good and desirable when they do not involve the sacrifice of anything more important; but it is well to remember that they are not the chief objects of life, nor the ends for the attainment of which homes are ordained. If we do not desire for our children better things than these, if we do not assume for them higher responsibilities, we are promoting that dangerous tendency toward an exaggerated respect for wealth, and a corresponding depreciation of character, which is the growing peril of our nation and our time.—*Clerical Work.*

THE WICKET GATE.

So Christian went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor if any man asked him, would he vouchsafe him an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he was got into the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly-wiseman's counsel; so in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying,

"May I now enter here? will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Goodwill, who asked, who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

CHR. Here is a poor burdened sinner; I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in.

I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, What means that? The other told him, A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in. Then said Christian, I rejoice and tremble. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him, who directed him hither?

CHR. Evangelist bid me come hither and knock, as I did; and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

GOOD. "An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it."

CHR. Now I begin to reap the benefit of my hazards.

GOOD. But how is it that you came alone?

CHR. Because none of my neighbors saw their danger as I saw mine.

GOOD. Did any of *them* know of your coming?

CHR. Yes; my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again. Also some of my neighbors stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

GOOD. But did none of them follow you to persuade you to go back?

CHR. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back; but Pliable came with me a little way.

GOOD. But why did he not come through?

CHR. We indeed came both together until we came to the Slough of Despond, into the which he also suddenly fell; and then was my neighbor Pliable discouraged, and would not adventure further. Wherefore, getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me, I should possess the brave country alone for him. So he went his way, and I came mine; he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

Then said Goodwill, Alas! poor man! is the celestial glory of so small esteem with him, that he counteth it not worth running the hazard of a few difficulties to obtain it?

Truly, said Christian, I have said the truth of Pliable; and, if I should also say the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment betwixt him and myself. It is true he went back to his house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded thereto by the carnal arguments of one Mr. *Worldly-wiseman*.

GOOD. Oh, did he light upon you? What he would have had you have sought for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality; they are both of them a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

CHR. Yes, as far as I durst. I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore there I was forced to stop.

GOOD. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being dashed in pieces by it.

CHR. Why, truly I do not know what had become of me there, had not Evangelist happily met me again as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit indeed for death by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord But, oh! what a favor is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

GOOD. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all they have done before they come hither: "they in no wise are cast out;" and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That *is* the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.

But, said Christian, are there no turnings or windings, by which a stranger may lose the way?

GOOD. Yes, there are *many* ways butt down upon this; and they are crooked and wide; but thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, that only being straight and narrow.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian

asked him further, if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help. He told him, As to thy burden be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back itself.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him, that by the time that he was gone some distance from the gate he would come to the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock; and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God speed.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

THE STAPLES GIRLS' BUREAU.

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

The little Staples girls, Laura and Emily, had kept their clothing in a chest until the summer when they were twelve and eleven years old. Then Aunt Hester Trafton went on to Stratbrook, and was so delighted at the neat way in which the girls cared for their clothing that she had a bureau sent to them after she went back to Boston. The chest they had used before was a pine, painted red, and when the lid was raised by the little iron hasp that hung on the outside, one saw inside a till at each end and a drawer under each till. The chest had seemed all that could be desired until the bureau came, but that with its drawers and locks and keys was quite a different affair. The bureau stood on castors, too, and could be easily moved from place to place, and in one of the drawers was a letter from Aunt Hester, saying that the girl who kept her part of the bureau in the best order should have another present when she went to Stratbrook again the next year.

But the drawers were hardly arranged to the owners' satisfaction when the little sister Lucy began to grieve because she had no "booro," and Donald, the little brother, went about with a cloud on his face, though he only said "No matter" when anybody inquired into his trouble.

"I don't want Lucy unhappy," Emily said to Laura one morning while they were putting away the stockings they had been mending.

Laura kept on arranging a pile of underclothing and made no answer.

"Don't you think we might let her have the chest?" Emily continued rather timidly, for as she was the younger she had always done as Laura thought best.

"No, I don't," Laura answered, decidedly. "We need the chest to keep a great many things in if we are to keep the drawers in as nice order as Aunt Hester expects, and get the present she has promised for next year."

Emily turned her handkerchiefs out of the box she kept them in and laid them back slowly, one by one, before she spoke again. Then she said: "Can't we put our boots and shoes and some other things in the closet? I want Lucy to have things too. Or, I'll give her one-half the chest if you'll let Donald have one of your drawers. He says girls have all the nice things in this house."

Laura looked at the pretty bureau. She opened the drawers and glanced over their neatly arranged contents and then she shut and locked them.

"No, I can't spare a thing," she said, sharply, "and I shouldn't think you'd ask it, Emily. The more room I have the more things I *have to* put in it, and these drawers are not so very big either. P'raps Aunt Hester 'll give Lucy 'nd Donald a bureau next summer. I don't think we have any right to give away what she gave us anyhow," and Laura, having locked her drawers, hung the key under the little mirror and went down stairs.

Emily held one of her drawers open a few minutes, then she took out all the articles in it and packed them into the other drawer. She also took the things from her half of the chest and disposed of them as best she could on her side of the closet, and in a box which stood on the bureau, and then she found Donald and Lucy and gave the empty drawer and half of the chest to them. "I hated to, dreadfully," she said afterwards, "but I was glad when I saw how pleased they were and they said they'd do everything I wanted them to, and they've been real good ever since."

When Aunt Hester came in the summer she gave Laura the silver thimble she brought for the neatest drawers, for, as she observed, "Emily's things were packed too closely to look well!" but one day she drove from Stratbrook over to Westhaven and brought back a beautifully fitted workbox for Emily. "I see," she said, "that Emily has to teach Lucy about her sewing and to hem the sails for Donald's boats and take many stitches for her mother, and a girl who does so much must have tools to work with."

Laura rather envied Emily the box, but her time was so occupied in keeping her room and her clothes in order that she had no chance to do anything for the younger children, and she got a sharp lecture from Aunt Hester before the summer was over. "You got what you set out for," said her aunt, "but Emily got more, and you'll find it so all your life, Laura. The Bible says, 'give and it shall be given to you,' and you can't get back of the Bible. A good many folks have willed to but they can't do it, but you've got to give first. The obedience and then the reward, and you'll find it so right along, my dear.

It proved as Aunt Hester said all through life. Emily's heart and home were always packed to "make a little room for somebody," but no family ever found so many outstretched hands eager to aid when any of them needed outside help. When Laura's daughter was married she insisted that Aunt Emily should dress her, because "everything she touched brought a blessing," and when one of Laura's sons was shot down in his young manhood by the Indians in New Mexico, Aunt Emily's picture and letters hid in his breast told who he was. Laura had always protested that Emily's housekeeping suffered because she spent so much time writing "letters that didn't amount to anything." But to-day this lonely, impatient woman, fretting at life with which she has failed to make friends, and at death, whose coming she dreads, wondering at Emily's hosts of friends and joy and comfort in life, never thinks that as a child she marked the path she has trodden all these years, when she refused to give up a part of her bureau for her little brother and sister. So small a thing may show the character which in age as well as youth makes happiness or pain for all who come within its influence.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE SCHOOL of the future will think just the same of the scholar who brings his quarterly to the class, as it now thinks of the scholar in the secular schools who reads during the recitation hour from his arithmetic or geography.

SAVED FROM THE HORSES' FEET.

The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian Cavalry a few years ago :—

A little girl standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of cavalry came sweeping round from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, who was seated in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were the others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators.

The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable, and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a hundred iron hoofs.

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one. Another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart trooper, who was in the front line, without slackening speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized, and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth this gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress.

And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the soldier when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.—*Ex.*

A stalwart trooper seized and lifted the child on to his saddle.

APHIDISTAN.

A sudden shower of rain came on during the afternoon of our Sunday-school excursion. Uncertainty of weather is the necessary price of the lovely summer foliage of our beautiful country. Happily, we soon found shelter for all the children in the barn where tea was to be served. While we were all gathered there, looking out at the down-pour, and not knowing how to amuse ourselves, our energetic superintendent called out, "Now, dear pastor, tell the young people a tale." The request made me both feel and look awkward; for of all difficult things, few things are more difficult than to recall a story, just of the right sort that is wanted, off-hand; unless you have one carefully prepared for the occasion. "A good fairy tale will do," said a young lady by my side. "Yes, anything that will amuse; you can easily add some good moral," continued the superintendent. Now, when you have to take a cold bath it is best to dive at once. So I jumped in.

"Shall I tell you about Aphidistan?" I said.

The new word awoke interest. So perhaps would the promise of anything that might entertain while the shower continued. There was a chorus of "Yes, yes," and a general movement towards where I was standing. I felt that I was in for it, so I allowed myself no hesitation, but went on:—

"I recently paid a visit to this very interesting place. The fields were long and narrow, covered with a dark green smooth sward. Here and there at distances apart were growing high trees, each having only a few leaves, but these in proportion to their height, were large and spreading. One of these trees had on its summit a large crown of velvety leaves of bright crimson, that was very beautiful. But what attracted my attention was a flock of remarkable creatures that were quietly feeding between the trees. They were very numerous, standing as closely together as they could. They had plump smooth bodies of a delicate emerald green, almost transparent, so that they looked like round globes of glass filled with bright-colored jelly. Each had six legs, which appeared to be very weak, and no wonder, for it rarely moved about. Instead of a hoof it had a long foot with a curved claw like that of a bird. Its head was something like that of an elephant, only the eyes were large and bright red, and, having many facets, glittered like cut jewels. On the top of the head were two long horns that looked like tails, which could be waved about, but generally rested on the creature's back, reaching along its whole length. Then it had a long trunk, through which it continually sucked up the juices of the green field upon which it stood, and by which it was nourished. Here and there one, larger than the rest, had a huge pair of gauze wings, which, however, it seemed too lazy to use, so that they hung idly by its side. But the most remarkable feature was the part of the body by which it was milked. This was not beneath, as in the cows in this country, but on its back, where were two long tubes, one on each side; they looked like silver trumpets; from these could be drawn the honey milk; indeed, you could see it gently bubbling along these tubes, and sometimes running out of their ends.

"Now as I looked at these very strange green cattle, and what I tell you is exactly true (here cries of Oh! Oh! rose from a number, but I saw I had their attention, so I took no notice, but kept on), I found that they were the flocks of certain herdsmen, or whatever we prefer to call their owners, who came from time to time to milk them. These masters approached them very carefully, and, selecting one, gently stroked its sides, so that from the two tubes on its back there was poured out some yellow-colored sticky fluid, like treacle or honey. This seemed to give relief, as milking does a cow. The herdsmen went from one to another, collecting all they could, and then carried it away to the place where it was stored. Like good farmers they were careful of their stock. Some might be seen cleaning any that were soiled, others carrying away any dirt or rubbish they found lying on the field; sometimes they even will take some away to be cared for in some sheltered place. The cattle, for so I may call them, were very stupid and lazy, scarcely ever moving about. When once their trunk was fixed, they kept on sucking up the juices and going no further, waiting for their tubes to be milked, and then, when so refreshed, going on with the pasture. One consequence was that they were often in very great peril. They were sometimes attacked by flying dragons, much larger than themselves, with wide buzzing outstretched wings and fierce large eyes, and terrible destructive jaws. It was amusing to see the consternation the approach of these alarming foes caused among the herdsmen, but the cattle I am telling you about seemed too stupid to understand the danger. Their masters would jump on their backs, and leap from one to another and try to defend them, sometimes succeeding and sometimes unable to prevent a number being killed and eaten up. All this was in the bright sunlight. As I looked there came a wind which seemed to shake the very ground on which they stood. Then came a thick cloud as of bluish smoke. In less than a minute all these wonderful little creatures, one after another, were stifled and fell, their bodies shrivelled; they were all dead, carried away as by a storm, and the surface of the field was left quite clear. The masters, being evidently unable to help them, ran away out of sight as rapidly as they possibly could, leaving behind most of the sweet honey they had gathered with so much trouble. Well, now, that is all."

"Oh!" said the children with a kind of sigh.

"Now, who can tell me where Aphidistan is?"

Said a sharp girl, although I think her teacher whispered to her, "Afghanistan is the country of the Afghans, so I suppose Aphidistan is the place of the Aphids."

"Well done," I said. "Now, who can tell me something about the Aphids?"

"They are little green flies that live on the stalks of rose trees," said one.

"Oh, I know," said another, "father kills them by blowing at them tobacco smoke."

"What I have been telling you," I went on, "is really a correct description of the little green fly, as it is called, that infests rose bushes. The conveyance that took me to Aphidistan was a microscope. It is a very curious and remarkable fact that the flocks of aphids, which often entirely cover plants, are watched over and cared for by ants, who breed them and care for them, cleaning them, defending them, and milking them as farmers do cows. Were this not proved beyond doubt, it is so strange that no one could believe it. Different species of aphids belong to different species of ants. For instance, the green flies of the rose bush appear to be the "dumb driven cattle" of the little brown ants common in our gardens. They increase with enormous rapidity. A single aphid becomes the mother of about seven or eight dozen little ones at the same time, and if she lives a few weeks may see her grandchildren and their children and grandchildren in the fifth generation. So that it has been calculated that one single aphid may, in the course of one year, have a family four times as numerous as all the people now alive in the whole world. It is a good thing that they have so many foes. Those pretty little insects called lady-birds destroy these destructive creatures by millions. A flight of lady-birds will sometimes prevent blight for a long time afterwards. Green flies are the pests of gardeners. When they get upon a plant they soon increase to large numbers and suck out the sweet juices, and so weaken and kill the flower. One of the best ways of destroying them is by blowing tobacco smoke upon them, when they shrivel immediately and fall off dead."

"That proves," said the superintendent, "that tobacco smoke is poison. Boys, don't you touch it. It may not kill you, as it does the aphids, but it will make you sallow and sick and pale. Boys should never smoke."

"It may show us," I went on, "that there is use for everything. The proper use of tobacco smoke is to clear rose trees from destructive insects—not to put into our mouths to make us ill. But I have not told you one quarter of the marvels of these little creatures."

"Tea is ready now," some one said; and the children, like lively ants, ran off to get at the sweets.—*Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, in Church and Home.*

TRUST.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

—*Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

THE TEENS.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

What do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer, When we go to business or to college. Girls will say, When we go into society or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

I know that it does not seem so to most people, for boys and girls are more unnoticed at that age than at any other. The baby or the big brother or sister get all the attention, while Master Knee-breeches and Miss Ankle-skirt are crowded into the corner. You are not so interesting just now as you have been, or will be. Your time of blossom has gone; but your fruit time has not come.

But the life of Jesus, as told in the Gospels, makes much of this time of life. The only thing that is said about him after his babyhood until he was thirty years of age was: "When he was twelve years old." What he did then is told us because it was a sort of prediction of what he would be and do when he became a man.

The Jews regarded this age as the turning point in life. Until the boy had passed twelve, he was called a child; after that, a man. He must then learn his trade, put on phylacteries, began to study the Talmud or holy books, be called to account for breaking any of the laws of worship, take the name of Ben Hattorah, or son of the law, and go up to the great feast at Jerusalem—which was about equivalent to joining the church. The Jews also said that this was the age when Moses first refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, when Samuel heard God's call, and when Josiah had his first dream of becoming a great and good king.

Now those old Jews were wise in making so much of the time of going into the teens. A portrait painter once told me that a picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outlines of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that time the body too gets into its shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or the quat will have begun to grow into you. A great writer, who has had much to do with educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college."

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of a window, and was severely hurt; but, with clinched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she did, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the Great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down in the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

After the melted iron is poured into the mould, it is left for a while that it may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for then the surface of the great iron globule, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mould, is cooled, and the shape is set. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mould in which our souls are shaped for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty or indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than all the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle, then let her drift slowly to the centre of the narrow sluice until the skiff's nose was in the smooth water which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with eye, and nerve and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly and safely as a water-snake. Ask your guide why he was so careful at the beginning, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right he can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "go!"

Boys and girls entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost affright you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very centre of what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strongest resolution. Vow to yourself and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip.—*James M. Ludlow, D.D., in S. S. Times.*

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

THE BANKER'S EXPERIENCE AND THE SERMON.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

It is very delightful to hear testimonies from actual life confirming the witness which the preacher bears from the pulpit. We have just reached one which is well worthy of being preserved in this magazine of facts.

In our sermon published for November 21st occurs the following passage:

"If it be true that you are willing thus to follow Christ, reckon upon deliverance. Nebuchadnezzar may put you into the fire, but he cannot keep you there, nor can he make the fire burn you. The enemy casts you in bound, but the fire will loosen your bonds, and you will walk at liberty amid the glowing coals. You shall gain by your losses, you shall rise by your down-castings. Many prosperous men owe their present position to the fact that they were faithful when they were in humble employments. They were honest, and for the moment they displeased their employers, and in the end earned their esteem. When Adam Clarke was put out apprentice, and his master showed him how to stretch the cloth when it was a little short, Adam could not find in his heart to do it. Such a fool of a boy must be sent home to his mother; and his godly mother was glad that her boy was such a fool that he could not stoop to a dishonest trick. You know what he became. He might have missed his way in life if he had not been true to his principles in his youth. Your first loss may be a life-long gain. Dear young fellow, you may be turned out of your situation, but the Lord will turn the curse into a blessing! If all should go softly with you, you might decline in character, and by doing a little wrong learn to do yet more and more, and so lose your integrity, and with it all hope of ever lifting your nose from the grindstone. Do right for Christ's sake, without considering consequences, and the consequences will be right enough. If you take care of God's cause, God will take care of you. Rest assured that uprightness will be your preservation, and not your destruction. It will be your highest wisdom to let all things go that you may hold fast your integrity, and honor the name of the Lord."

Immediately after the issue of the sermon, we received the following letter from a gentleman who has been our friend and helper all along:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I have just read your sermon, 'Is it true?' No. 1,930. Referring to the latter portion of page 635, I wish to send you the following statement of facts: Just forty-six years ago I was in a situation, and I was called upon to do that which I believed to be wrong. I was compelled in conscience to decline, and ultimately I received three months' notice to leave. I had a wife and one child, but no property. My father asked me if I was bereft of my reason for acting as I did, and I had no idea what I should do or where I should go. I mentioned my case to a dear Baptist minister, and his reply was, 'My young friend, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.' The result was that, in a most marvellous way (I will not weary you with details), before the three months expired, the Lord gave me a new appointment, at exactly double the salary I lost; and that double has since been trebled; and here I am to this day! All praise and glory be to his great name! He is true and faithful! If you think well, you can make what use you like of this statement."

We have not given the writer's name, but it is one which is deservedly honored. The writer is a man who could not mis-state or exaggerate; what he records is plain, unvarnished fact. How it ought to encourage every young Christian to "dare to be a Daniel!" The Lord has delivered, does deliver, and will yet deliver. A man may lose for Christ, but in the long run he shall not lose by Christ. The tempted servant of the Lord should make a note of the incident here recorded, remembering that the Lord is the same to all who put their trust in him. —*Sword and Trowel.*

PARAFFINE.

Such has been the demand for paraffine for the manufacture of chewing gum and confectionery that not less than seventy-five barrels a week are shipped to New York and Boston for the Standard Oil Company's refineries. At least fifty percent of this is made into chewing gum. This wax, although the residuum of the most offensive product imaginable—the tar deposit left after the kerosene has been extracted from the crude petroleum—is made into the purest and sweetest of substances used in the most delicate of industries. Two firms—one in New York and the other in Boston—purchase the most of this wax, and subject it to another refining process. The wax is worth seventeen cents a pound at the refineries, and when ready to manufacture into gum or candy is worth thirty cents a pound.

It is only within a few years that the second refining process was known in this country, and all the paraffine required for use in that form had to be sent to Scotland for refining, the extracting of fine paraffine wax from the bituminous shales of that country having been a profitable business there for many years.

Every person who sinks his teeth into chewing gum now-a-days chews paraffine. Every delicate caramel or other confection sold in the candy stores contains the wax, and the paper it is wrapped in is saturated with it. For the insulation of electric wires paraffine wax has taken the place of everything else. It will defy the action of sulphuric and other acids, and it cannot be adulterated for that reason. It has displaced all other wax in the manufacture of candles. Brewers find it invaluable for the coating of the inside of barrels, keeping them absolutely sweet and clean. It has taken the place of French wax in the manufacture of wax flowers. It is a perfectly pure hydro-carbon, without taste or smell, notwithstanding that it is made from the worst smelling tar imaginable. It defies the strongest dissolvents of all kinds, and is yielding more profit to those who handle it in all branches than any other substance of American trade.—*Household.*

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of the daytime broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,
As the patriarchs sat at the door
Of their tents with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry in conversation sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer that we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of the life work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll welcome such a calm repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But—the angels we went to call, are gone.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

A snowstorm is more unwelcome in the city than in the country. It is especially unwelcome in the city of which I write, since it is too far south to expect much in the way of sleighing, and snow means only bad walking and the detention of street cars. But one evening in an unusually cold winter certain people were to be found merry enough and rich enough to take an advantage of a few inches of snow, and to add to the comparatively tame performance of attending a party the novelty of going to it in sleighs.

The party was given in a suburb, and the six mile ride seemed all too short. No wonder that fair cheeks grew rosier and bright eyes brighter with the unaccustomed pleasure.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life," cried lively Mrs. Crocheron.

The young man who had just been introduced to her, while making some decorous reply, was asking himself, "Is she handsome because of her dress, or in spite of it?" Alfred Davenport was new to such scenes. He found the combination of blue and cardinal satin rather startling; yet certainly it was a most effective costume that the lady wore.

"I haven't had a sleigh ride since I was married," she went on, while her eyes and her diamonds sparkled in rivalry. "If we could only have an adventure of some sort! But I suppose there is no hope of anything of the kind so near civilization as this."

She went on railing merrily and carelessly at the monotony of life; but even while she spoke Romance and Tragedy stood beside her, ready to cross her path. The destinies of two human beings hung in the balance, awaiting her very next action.

Mrs. Crocheron was suddenly joined by her husband, a tall, proud-looking man; he drew her aside for a moment's consultation, ignoring Mr. Davenport, who found himself so hemmed in by the crowd that he could not avoid overhearing the conversation.

"They will have wine here, of course. Now, Edith, I hope you will put aside your notions for once, if only to please me. It will make you very conspicuous to refuse, and what possible harm can come thereby in doing as the rest do?"

Into the laughing brown eyes came a look of earnestness of which one would hardly have believed them capable.

"I will not make a fuss, Henry," said a low voice, "but I certainly shall not drink wine."

Mr. Chrocheron was excessively annoyed but he was too well bred to show it just then.

"Oh, you can carry it out, if any one can," he said, lightly; "but I think it very absurd."

Davenport was a chivalrous young fellow; he took a sudden resolution that the lady should not stand alone. Accordingly, later in the evening, when the gayety was at its height and healths were being drunk, the glasses of two of the guests were filled with water.

Mr. Davenport received a charming smile from a charming woman in return for his championship. She would have spoken to him, but Mr. Ashley claimed her attention. Mr. Ashley was one of those cold, critical men whose words always carry weight. His courteous tone scarcely concealed his sneer.

"Ah! Are you a teetotaler, Mrs. Crocheron?"

"Yes," said a clear voice. "I am a teetotaler. Could I be anything else, with three boys to bring up?"

"Bravo!" thought Davenport. "Who would have dreamed that a fashionable woman would make herself singular for the sake of a principle! I hope she will give us more of her sentiments."

But he was disappointed. Mr. Ashley paid her a laughing compliment on her youthfulness, and Mrs. Crocheron gracefully turned from the subject. She did not care to talk about it; she was willing to concede as much as that to her husband's sensitiveness.

Davenport was bantered a good deal by his friends about his sudden whim, but his was a character rendered obstinate by teasing. To his secret amusement, he all at once found himself committed on a question to which he had never given a thought. But he was not the man to retrace his steps.

As the jingle of the sleigh bells died away on the frosty air the incidents of the evening slipped from the minds of those engaged in them—from all save one.

Years later, two officers of the United States navy were sitting in a hotel in Constantinople. The younger—a mere lad—was gazing listlessly from the window at the exquisite view of the palace-crowned heights of the shores of the Bosphorus. Domes and minarets, pavilions and towers, rose from amid the cypresses. The strait itself was crowded with shipping, while nearer at hand the eye was caught by one picturesque costume after another as the Jew jostled the stranger Frank in the narrow street or made way for the Turkish grandee, and the swarthy Nubian strode unconcernedly by the carriage of the veiled Circassian beauty.

The young midshipman did not appear to enjoy the variety spread out before him. Could a week's experience of such scenes have exhausted their novelty? He turned away from the window with a smothered sigh, and, picking up a paper, pretended to become absorbed in it.

"Excuse me, Crocheron," remarked his companion, without looking up from the table where he was writing; "will reading improve your headache?"

Harry Crocheron threw down the paper petulantly, irritated by the very gentleness of the tone.

"What makes you talk to me in that way?" he demanded. "Why don't you lecture me and have done with it? I'm sure I'd rather you would."

The elder man vouchsafed no reply to this outburst, but went on with his writing. Presently, however, he pushed it aside and came to the window.

"It's a pity to lose such a beautiful day. If you feel better, suppose we take a trip to the Sweet Waters of Europe? All the world goes there to-day. Do you think you can balance yourself in one of those ticklish crafts down yonder?"

Harry made some bantering retort. He looked surprised and very much relieved. "He means to pass last night's performance over then," he said to himself.

On the steps of the hotel the young man's misgivings returned, and he stood a moment irresolute. "I've half a mind to make some excuse and leave him," he thought. "What right has he to interfere with me in this fashion when I'm off duty?"

At that moment, however, the lieutenant directed his attention to a fantastic figure threading its way composedly through the throng.

"That is a costume you do not often see now. The Turk is fast adopting European fashions, and is parting with his picturesqueness in consequence. Let us step into this bazaar a moment. There is a Moslem with whom I exchange civilities every morning with a view to the purchase of a certain antique. He confidently expects that I shall one day give him the fabulous price he asks for it, and I am quite as hopeful that I shall weary him into accepting reasonable terms.

Harry Crocheron was not much interested in antiquities, but he could not fail to be amused at the dialogue which followed.

"I should think," he said laughingly when it was over, "that you had wasted enough words to buy out his whole stock."

"Oh, no," replied the Lieutenant, with an answering laugh, "we are only on the outside edge of our bargain. There is time enough; there is always time enough in Constantinople."

He took care to keep his young companion interested until they reached the water's edge and embarked on one of the slender caiques. From this point on, their excursion could hardly fail to be entertaining.

It was Friday—the Mohammedan Sabbath—and a general holiday. Hundreds of carriages on the land and thousands of boats on the water were bound for the Sweet Waters of Europe, the inlet of the Golden Horn. On landing there the lovely vale was found to be gay with the beauty and the fashion of both Occident and Orient. Among the English and Americans present, Lieutenant Davenport found old acquaintances, and in the unwonted pleasure of ladies' society the afternoon passed quickly and agreeably to Harry Crocheron. When he stepped blithely into the boat that was to return them to the city, he was in a very different mood from that of the morning. They were practically alone, for the boatman understood nothing of English.

"Harry," said Lieutenant Davenport, abruptly, "did I ever tell you about the only time I saw your mother?"

The young man's face lighted up with eager interest.

"No, indeed! I didn't know you knew her at all."

"Very slightly; she wouldn't remember me; I presume. She was a very beautiful woman fifteen years ago."

"She is so still," said her son warmly.

"I have no doubt of it. We met at a party, where she refused to take wine, giving her anxiety for her boys as a reason. I suppose she little thought that she was influencing a stranger as well. I confess I had no very definite motive for joining the ranks of the temperance army that night, but I have seen enough since to make me deeply grateful to your mother for deciding me then and there. And, Harry, God helping me, the son of the woman who saved me shall not die a drunkard."

A great wave of color swept over the handsome, boyish face.

"That's a harsh word, Lieutenant. Can't a man be overcome with liquor once or twice in the course of his life without your holding up such a fate to him?"

"Call things by their right names, Crocheron," said the other, coldly. "You were dead drunk last night when I picked you up in the graveyard."

"In the graveyard!" repeated Harry in a tone of horror.

"Certainly. It was right on the street, and there was no wall. See here, my boy, if you can be overcome, or whatever you choose to call it, to that extent at your age, the only thing for you to do—mind, I don't say the best thing; the only thing—is to turn short around. When we get back to the hotel, I am going to ask you to sign the pledge—not to please me, of course, and not even for your own sake, Harry, but for your mother's sake."

For his mother's sake! Harry's eyes grew dim as he looked away over the shining water beyond the domes and the minarets of the strange city to the familiar moon that was also shining upon his beautiful mother so far away. Well he knew that her love for him was equalled by her trust in him; sure he was that from no lips save his own would she ever believe the story of last night's shame and wrong. He was silent for a long time; and when, later in the evening, his friend carried out his intention and placed a paper before him, Harry did not long hesitate.

"Suppose I don't keep it?" he demanded, looking up with one of his quick frowns.

"With God's help you will keep it," returned Davenport, quietly.

He saw through Harry's mocking manner better than most people did.

The youth on his part, felt a thrill of pleasure at being trusted by such a man. He determined to deserve that trust, and with a firm hand he wrote his name.

Thus to the unconscious sower the bread cast upon the waters was returned after many days.—*Selected.*

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king had to leave his palace and flee *from his own son?*
2. Why did David not build the temple when he prepared most of the material?

EASY BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Find one in seat, but not in bench;
Find two in cave, but not in trench;
Find three in babe, but not in child;
Find four in balmy, but not in mild;
Find five in fate, but not in end;
Find six in stitch, but not in mend;
Find seven in link, but not in loop;
Find eight in circle, but not in hoop;
Find nine in lake, but not in pond;
Find ten in loving, but not in fond;
Find eleven in yard, but not in stall;
Find twelve in house, but not in hall;
Find thirteen in bar, but not in rod;
Find fourteen in turf, but not in sod.
When whole was celebrated in the East,
No land's upturned to the sun;
All cultivation then was ceased,
No farming then was done.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

Cross Words.

1. A Scripture proper name.
2. One who demands anything as his right.
3. Given in exchange.
4. Seriously considered.
5. Places of exhibition.
6. Distempered.
7. Secured by law as an exclusive privilege.
8. Unimpaired.
9. A deep-toned musical instrument of the trumpet kind.
10. A stopper of a cannon.
11. False show.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Jeremiah. Jer. 51: 60-61.
2. Peter. Acts 12: 1, 11.

ACROSTIC.—T-arsus, H-erod, E-lymas, Queen, U-pper chamber, E-phesus, E-uroclydon, N-icodemus, O-nesimus, F-estus, S-adducees, H-ebrew, E-utychus, B-arnabas, A-ntioch. The Queen of Sheba.

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